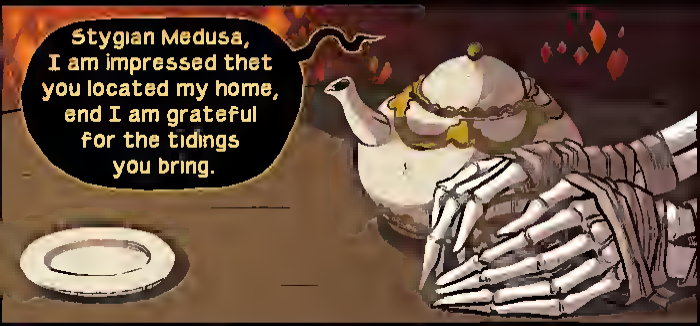
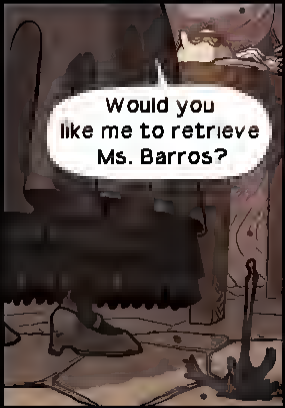
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER


Stygian Medusa, I am impressed that you located my home, and I am grateful for the tidings you bring.

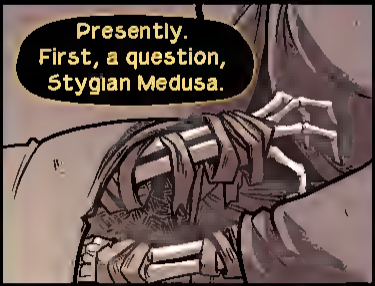
You are a sell-spell?
I am
I offer my services to you


Would you like me to retrieve Ms. Barros?

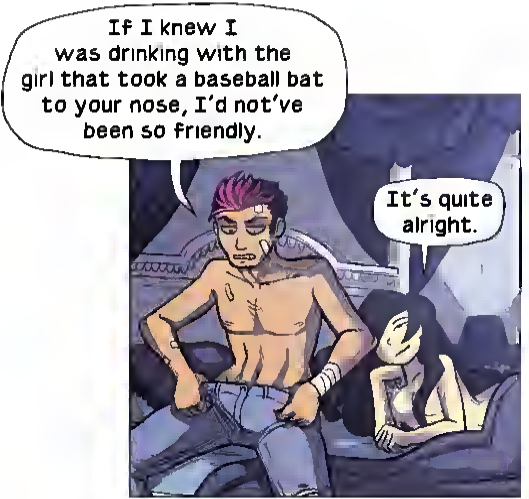
Ah, but there is no need. At length, I shall make known my presence known.
Then young Fall will come to me on her own volition.

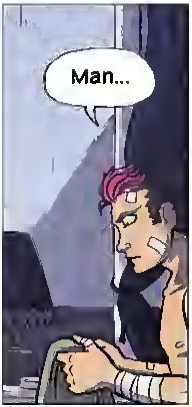
Yet for that to be, there is a relic I would see liberated – a relic currently beyond my reach.
Oh yes, item acquisition. That's within my skillset, sir.
You will find my price is proportional to the risk involved.

This will be no facile task. Come through, and I shall bestow upon you a king's ransom in gold.
Well then! Shall wa hash out the details?


Presently.
First, a question,
Stygian Medusa.

Do you take sugar with your tea?
And that's how *that* went.
You're joshing me.


If I knew I was drinking with the girl that took a baseball bat to your nose, I'd not've been so friendly.
It's quite alright.


Man...

I mean.
The Hierophant's
your-- *our*
client?

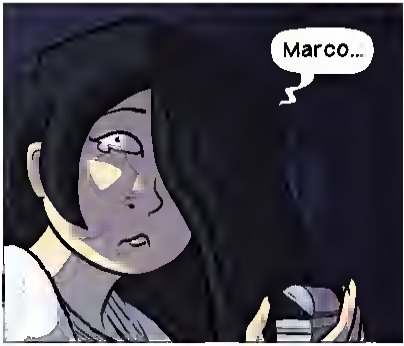
That's... man Yun, you sure this is a good idea?
I'm willing to risk it.

I need an impressive score if my reputation is to recover from the dragon fiasco.
Alright, well, if it's what you want, that's good enough for me.
I'll have your back.

I know you will.

Man.
What you think he wants with Barros, anyhow?

Yun?


Marco...

Oh. OH!
Uhm.

Will you?